

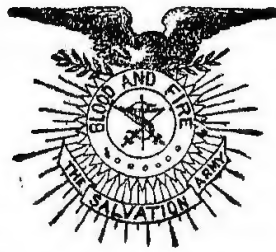
THE
SOLDIER SOLOIST.

BEING A COLLECTION OF

Special Songs and Solos

SUNG IN MEETINGS CONDUCTED BY

COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.



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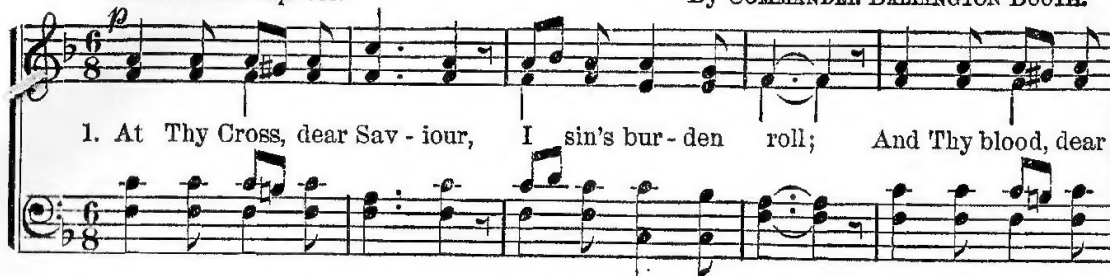
Bring Thy Burden.

3

Andante con espress.

By COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

p



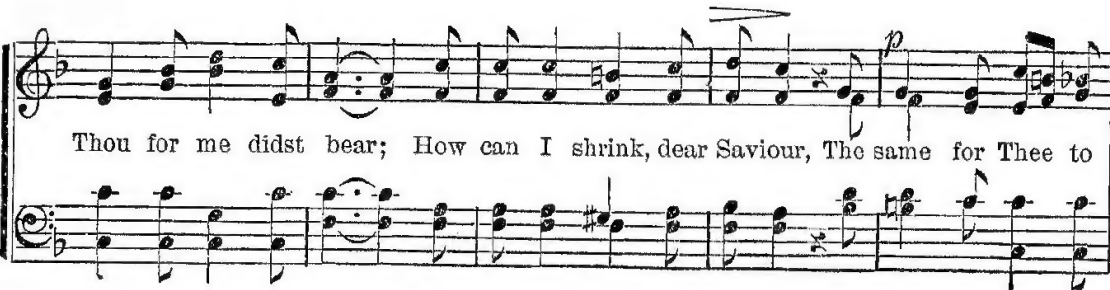
1. At Thy Cross, dear Sav - iour, I sin's bur - den roll; And Thy blood, dear

mf



Sav - iour, Drops up - on my soul. The plait - ed thorns that crown'd Thee,

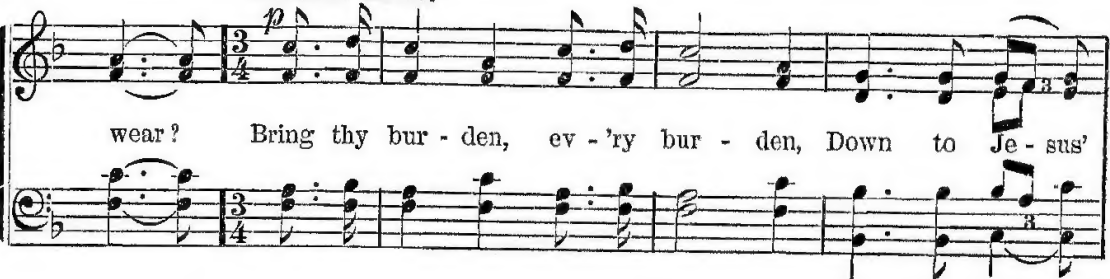
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Thou for me didst bear; How can I shrink, dear Saviour, The same for Thee to

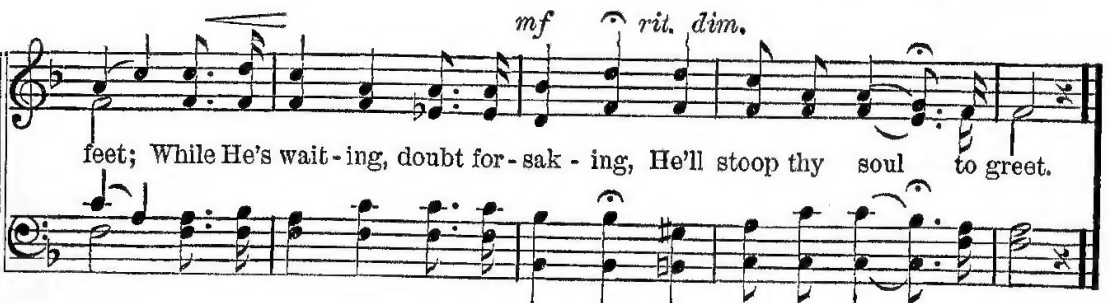
CHORUS. *Lento.*

p



wear? Bring thy bur - den, ev - 'ry bur - den, Down to Je - sus'

mf rit. dim.



feet; While He's wait - ing, doubt for - sak - ing, He'll stoop thy soul to greet.

2 O'er my path, dear Jesus,
Let Thy brightness shine,
May my life, blest Saviour,
Testify to Thine.

In worldly wealth and honor
Nothing I obtain,
But through the Blood of Jesus
Eternal life I gain.

He's the Lily of the Valley.

Words by the late BANDMASTER FRY.

1. I've found a Friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the

fair - est in ten thousand to my soul; The Li - ly of the Val - ley, in

Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.


In sor - row He's my com - fort, in trou - ble he's my stay, He

tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll; He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley, the
D.S. fair - est of ten thousand to my soul, He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley, the

He's the Lily of the Valley.—Concluded.

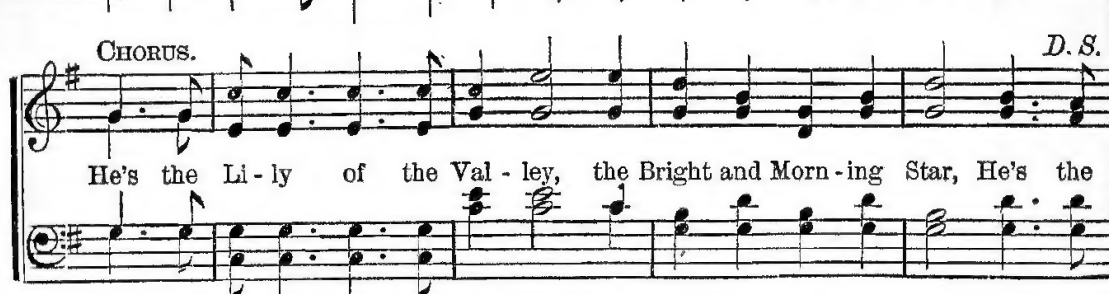
5

FINE.



Bright and Morn - ing Star; He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul.

CHORUS. D. S.



He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley, the Bright and Morn - ing Star, He's the

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
 In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
 I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
 From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power;
 Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,
 Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
 While I live by faith and do His blessed will;
 A wall of fire about me, I have nothing now to fear;
 With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill;
 Then sweeping up to glory to see His blessed face,
 Where rivers of delight shall ever flow.

Mighty Saviour.

Words by COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

FINE.



1. Migh - ty Sav - iour, from my sin Let Thy life of love be - gin;
 D.C. Then I'll walk with Thee in white, Suf - fer, con - quer in Thy sight.
 2. All the i - dols of my heart From Thy tem - ple shall de - part;
 D.C. As I here and now be - lieve, Full sal - va - tion I re - ceive.

D. C.

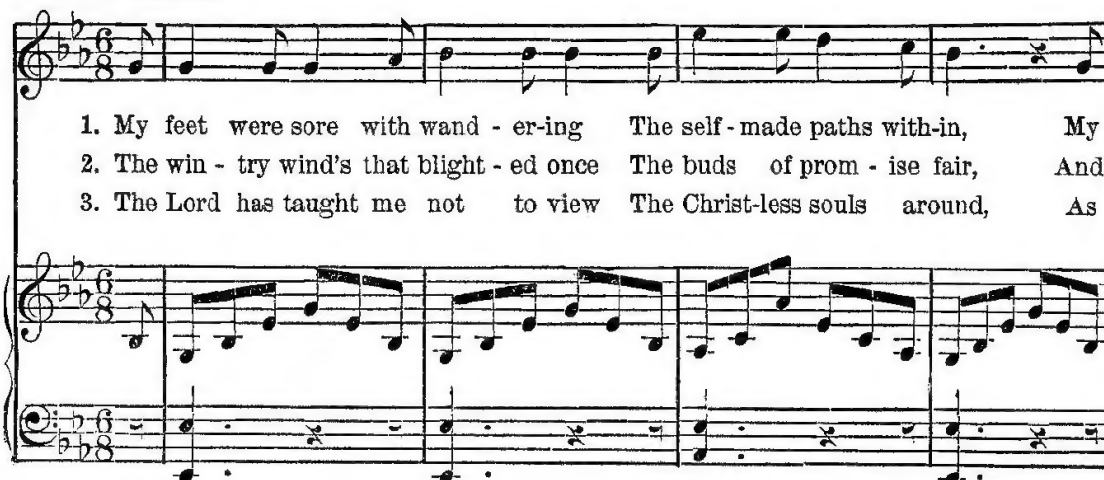


Wash my pride and sin a - way, Speak my dark - ness in - to day;
 For the Pearl of great - est price All, with joy, I sac - ri - fice;

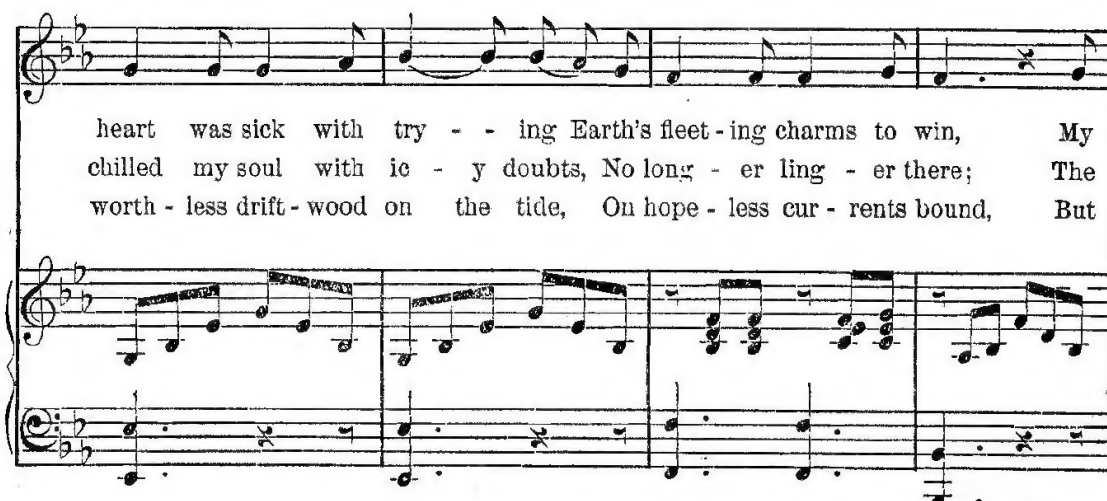
They Never Came Back.

Andante.

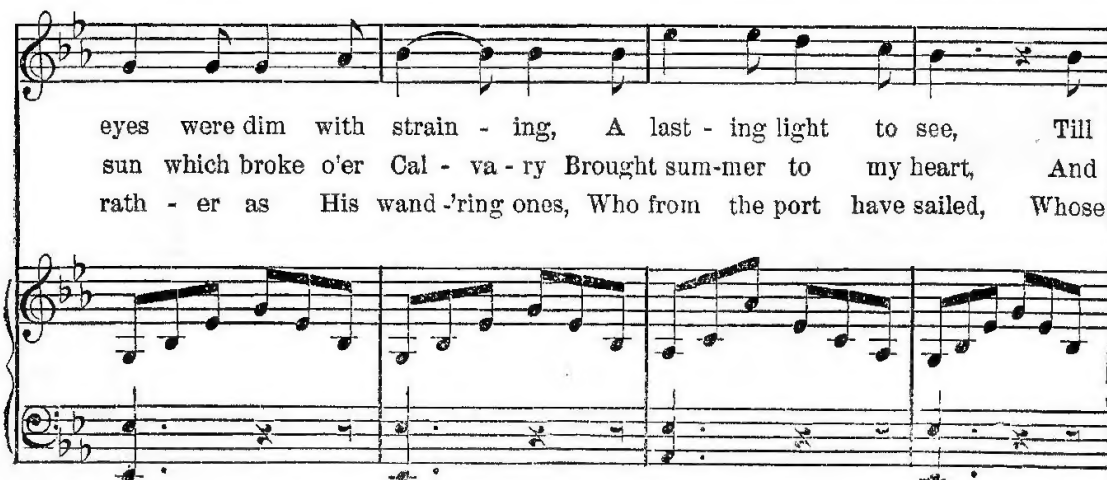
Words by COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.



1. My feet were sore with wand - er - ing The self - made paths with - in, My
2. The win - try wind's that blight - ed once The buds of prom - ise fair, And
3. The Lord has taught me not to view The Christ-less souls around, As




heart was sick with try - - ing Earth's fleet - ing charms to win, My
chilled my soul with ie - y doubts, No long - er ling - er there; The
worth - less drift - wood on the tide, On hope - less cur - rents bound, But



eyes were dim with strain - ing, A last - ing light to see, Till
sun which broke o'er Cal - va - ry Brought sum - mer to my heart, And
rath - er as His wand - 'ring ones, Who from the port have sailed, Whose

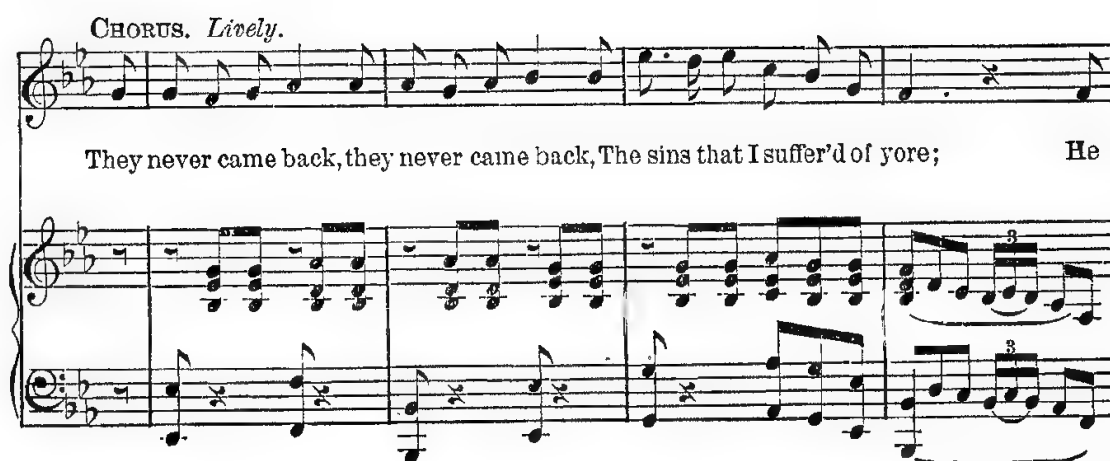
They Never Came Back.—Concluded.

7

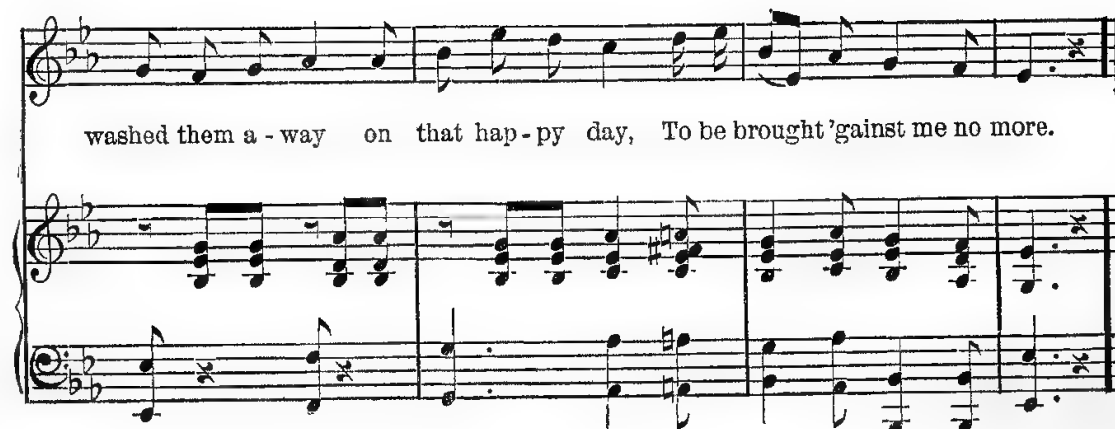


Je - sus changed my night of sin To dawn of vic - to - ry.
 then my sins as with - ered leaves I glad - ly saw de - part.
 sins like ours He'll roll a-way, By love that's nev - er failed.

CHORUS. *Lively.*



They never came back, they never came back, The sins that I suffer'd of yore; He



washed them a - way on that hap - py day, To be brought 'gainst me no more.

Oh, such a Wondrous Light.

Moderato.

By COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. Oh, such..... a wondrous light Has bro - - ken thro'the
2. When first..... that precious light Burst forth..... up - on my

night sight, That did my Sav-iour's face ex - clude; The
My heart was o - verwhelmed with joy; His

heart that doubted day by day Now walks in faith the narrow
match - less love I then de - clared, For sac - - ri - fice my life pre-

way. Kept by His sav - ing grace.
- pared, To fol - - low at His will.

Oh, such a Wondrous Light.—Concluded.

9

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Oh, such a won - drous light..... Has bro - ken thro' the

night That reigned with - in my soul;.... . Oh,

such a heaven - ly day Surrounds me on my way..... As

on I go, Thro' joy or woe, His sav - ing power to show.

The Cross is not Greater.

By COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Andante.

1. The cross that He gave may be hea - vy,..... But it
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharp - er..... Than com-
 3. The scorn of my foes may be dar - ing,..... For they

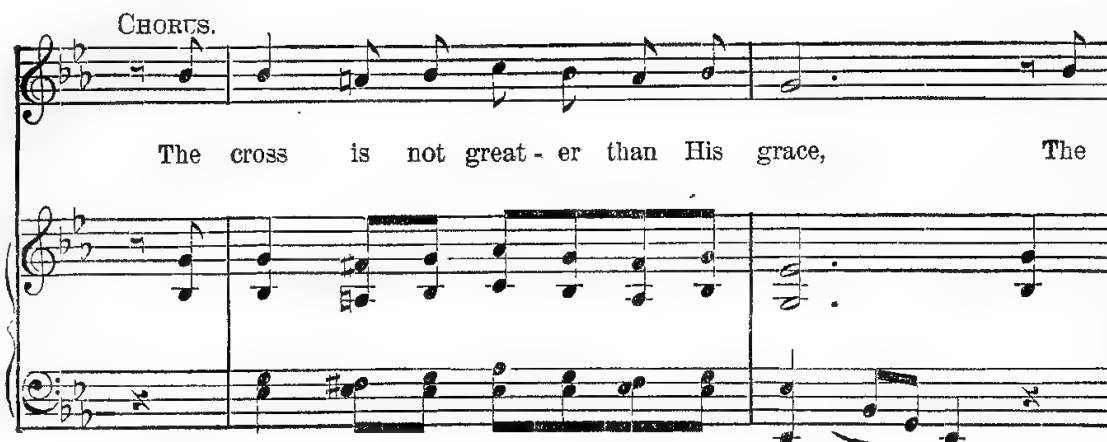
ne'er outweighs His grace; The storm that I feared may sur-
 - posed His crown for me;..... The cup which I drink not more
 bowed and mocked my God; They'll hate me for ho - ly

- round me,..... But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
 bit - ter. Than he drank in Geth - se - - ma - ne.
 liv - ing,.... For they cru - - ci - fied my Lord.

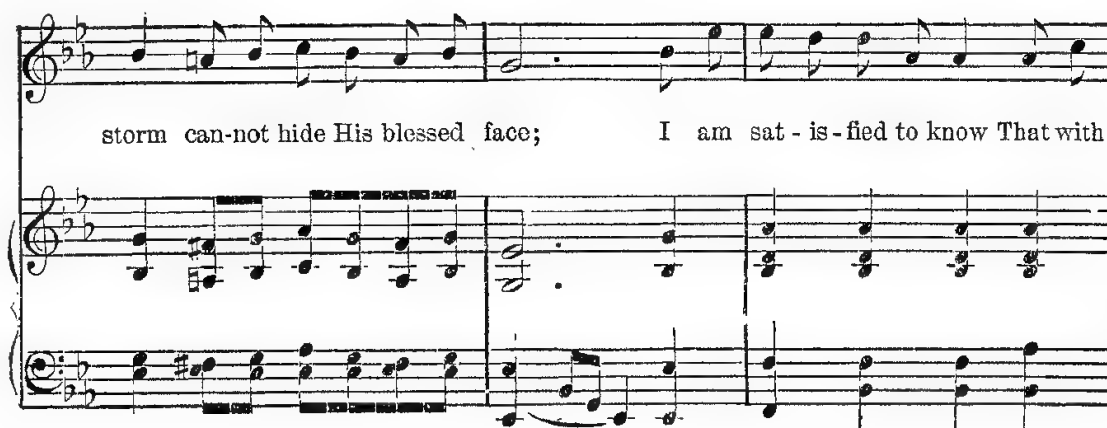
The Cross is not Greater.—Concluded.

11

CHORUS.



The cross is not great - er than His grace, The



storm can-not hide His blessed face; I am sat - is - fied to know That with



Je - sus here be - low I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

4 The light of His love shines the brighter,
As it falls on paths of woe;
The toil of my work grows lighter
As I stoop to raise the low.

5 His will I have joy in fulfilling
As I'm walking in His sight,
My all to the blood I am bringing
It alone can keep me right.

The Penitent's Plea.

Andante con espress.

By COMMANDANT HERBERT BOOTH.

p

1. { Saviour, hear me, while before Thy feet I the record of my sins repeat,
Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free,

1.

Stained with guilt, myself ab-hor - ring, Filled with grief, my soul outpour - ing;

2. *cres.*

Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!

mp CHORUS. *cres.*

Grace there is my ev'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev'ry sin a-way,

f

Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!

2 Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died
That no seeking soul should be denied?
To that heart its sins confessing,
Canst Thou fail to give a blessing?
By the love and pity Thou hast shown,
By the blood that did for me atone,
Boldly will I kneel before Thy throne,
A pleading soul.

3 All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,
Over ev'ry promise write my name;
As I am I come believing,
As Thou art Thou dost, receiving,
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave,
Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;
Charging me to preach Thy power to save
To sin-bound souls.

The Waters of Jordan may Roll.

By COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The waves of death's river are dark and cold, But Je-sus Himself has passed thro';
2. On this side the riv-er is war and strife 'Gainst sin by God's faith-ful few;

The Sav-iour in mer-cy thy feet will hold; His promise is faith-ful and true.
Yet trembling sin-ners are en-ter-ing life; The power, that will carry them through.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wa-ters of Jor-dan may roll But Je-sus will car-ry me through;

His peace is now fill-ing my soul, Oh, that it were giv-en to you!

3 On this side the border a heavenly peace
Is offered to you and to me;
From doubting and sin there is sweet release,
Till crossing with Jesus to be.

4 As we're fording the river in sight of the land,
Our comrades will stand on the shore;
As our soldier-feet touch the shining strand,
We shall clasp their hands once more.

In the Morning.

Chanting style.

By COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

mp

1. When the morning breaks o'er the world, And the banner of victory is unfurl'd,

Every one will want to stand on the right hand; When the graveyard yields up the dead,

And the wick-ed stand with a dread, Every one will want to stand on the right hand.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

In the morn-ing, in the morn-ing, A-mong the an-gels fair, When He

takes His seat, And all na-tions meet, I'll be ready, I'll be ready, waiting there.

2 When the stars from | heaven shall fall,
And we hear the | trumpet call,
Every one will want to stand on the | right hand;
When we meet a- | round the throne,
And stand before | God alone,
Every one will want to stand on the | right hand.

3 When the Judge shall | take His seat,
And there all | nations meet,
Every one will want to stand on the | right hand;
When that great | day has come,
And our soldiers are | welcomed home,
Every one will want to stand on the | right hand.

God Shed His Light from Heaven.

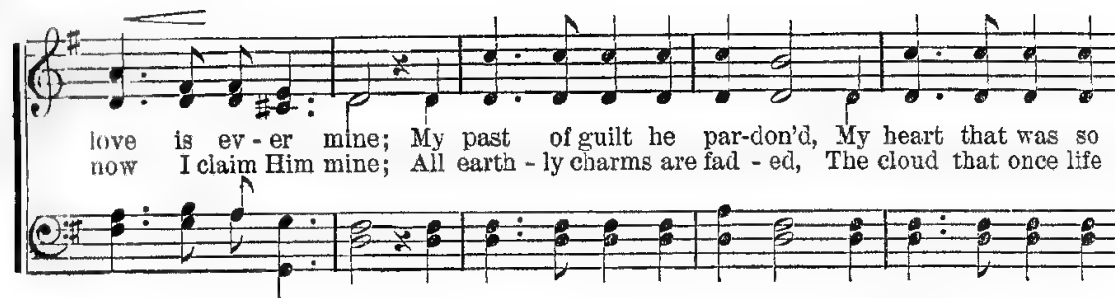
15

By COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

mf Allegro.




1. God shed His light from heav - en, My sin's dark cloud was riv - en, His
2. My Sav - iour came to suf - fer, My heart from sin to sev - er, And



love is ev - er mine; My past of guilt he par-don'd, My heart that was so
now I claim Him mine; All earth - ly charms are fad - ed, The cloud that once life



CHORUS.
hard-en'd, He melt-ed, 'Tis a wonder, oh, wonder di-vine. The blood of Je - sus
shad - ed, Is bro - ken, 'Tis a wonder, oh, wonder di-vine. The blood of Je - sus



cleanses me, Now I've sal - va - tion full and free; My chains are bro - ken,



For God hath spo-ken; How blest the to - ken of His love, His love to me.

3 I saw His form was bruised,
His side, the Roman wounded,
His brow was pierced for mine.
And as He hung, suspended,
His bleeding arms extended,
He loved me,
'Tis a wonder, oh, wonder divine.

4 The blood-stained Cross I've taken,
All earthly fame forsaken,
The battle-field is mine;
A partner in His anguish,
I seek the lost who languish,
To save them,
'Tis a victory, a victory divine.

The Waves are Rolling In.

Con express.

By COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. Oft have you turned a-side From Love's pure o-ccean wide, For fear of ent'ring
 2. This o-ccean brings release From strife—a perfect peace, Which nought on earth can
 3. And when you've prov'd each wave Has pow'r to cleanse and save, You'll want the world to

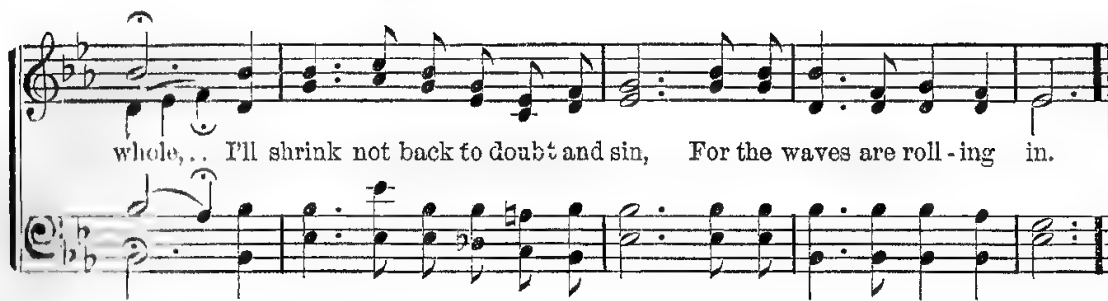
in. The bil - lows at your feet His lov - ing words re - peat,
 change. Tho' walk - ing all a - lone, To hu - man help un - known,
 know. For oth - ers then you'll live, A sol - dier's ser - vice give,

"Cut loose from shore, Doubt me no more, And I'll cleanse you from your sin."
 Yet leave the strand, He'll hold thy hand, And He'll make thee pure within.
 Each cross to bear, Each toil to share That the lost ones you may win.

CHORUS.

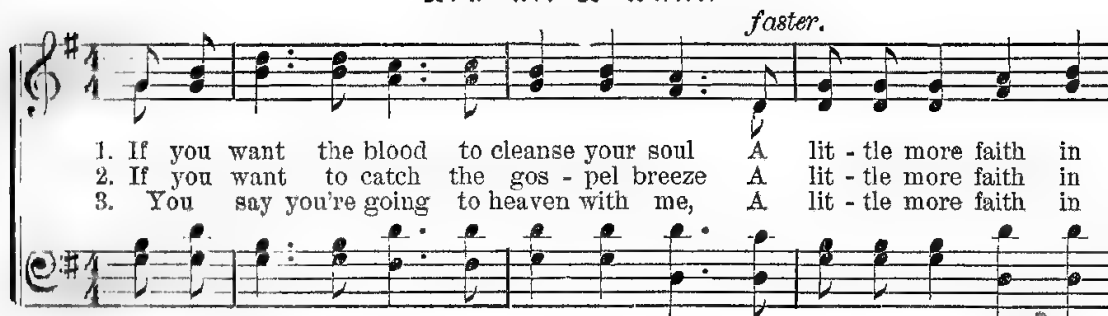
The waves are roll - ing in, The waves that cleanse from sin, They

come to o - ver - flow my soul, . . . They come with power to make me



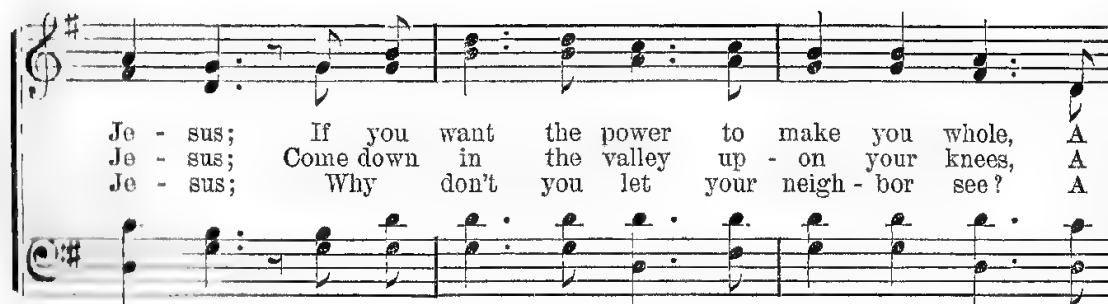
whole, ... I'll shrink not back to doubt and sin, For the waves are roll - ing in.

It's all I want.

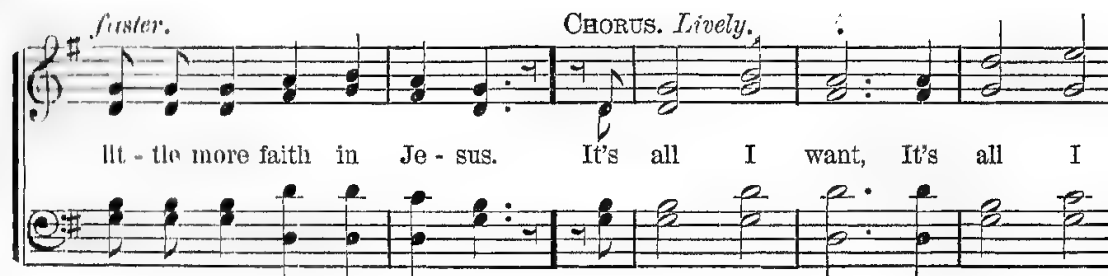


faster.

1. If you want the blood to cleanse your soul A lit - tle more faith in
 2. If you want to catch the gos - pel breeze A lit - tle more faith in
 3. You say you're going to heaven with me, A lit - tle more faith in

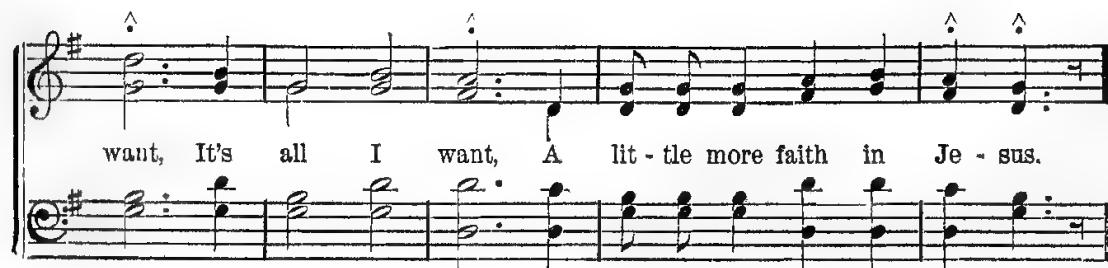


Je - sus; If you want the power to make you whole, A
 Je - sus; Come down in the valley up - on your knees, A
 Je - sus; Why don't you let your neigh - bor see? A



faster. CHORUS. *Lively.*

lit - tle more faith in Je - sus. It's all I want, It's all I



want, It's all I want, A lit - tle more faith in Je - sus.

Faith, not Feeling.

Chorus by COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

'Tis faith and not feel-ing you need, As you kneel at the cross of your Lord;

'Tis fighting in word and in deed, If you're willing to take up the sword.

At the Cross, where I first saw the light.

Words by COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

1. When my heart was so hard That I ne'er would re-gard, The Sal-
CHORUS.—At the Cross, at the Cross, Where I first saw the light, And the

- va - tion held up to my sight; To the Cross, when I came, In my
bur-den of my heart roll'd a-way; It was there by faith I re-

D. C. Chorus.
dark - ness and shame, It was there where I first saw the light.
- ceiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day.

2 For my blindness I thought
That no power could have wrought
Such a marvel of wonder and might;
But 'twas done, for I felt
At the Cross as I knelt
That my darkness was turned into light.

3 Then the gloom had all passed,
And rejoicing at last,
I was sure that my soul was made right;
For my Lord I could see
In His love died for me
On the Cross, where I first saw the light.

He's Everything to Me.

19

By COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Moderato.

1. What are the plea-sures of worlds to me Com - pared with
2. What are the sins of years to me Though they as

know - ing Him? Com - pared with know - ing Him? Whether
moun - tains stood? Though they as moun - tains stood? Are

cast on land, or tossed on sea, How fleet - ing! Oh, how dim!
they not cast be - neath the sea, And cov - ered by His blood?

CHORUS. *Lively.*

He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, My

Lord who died on Cal - va - ry Is all in all to me.


3 What is the wealth of worlds to me,
Though worlds on worlds were mine,
When He has given Himself to be
My sacrifice Divine?

4 What are the horrors of death to me,
Its grim and icy hand,
When dying would my living be
On yonder glorious strand?


Crowned in Heaven.

Words by ENSIGN D. MILLER.

Music by MAJOR STILLWELL.




1. A Ci - ty there is so bright and fair, But naught that's un - ho - ly can
 2. No sor - row or sick - ness, or pain can come To those who with Je - sus are
 3. There fathers and mothers, and children shall meet, There loved ones long parted each
 4. But on - ly the blood-washed, whose robes are clean, Who dai - ly on Christ, their Re -

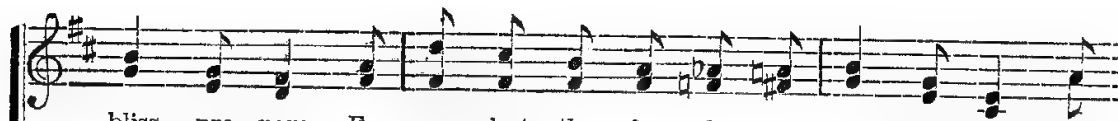


en - ter there, The pure in heart a - lone can dwell With
 gath - ered home, Their joys are e - ter - nal, they're freed from care, When
 other shall greet, And Je - sus who loved them, and saved from sin, They'll
 - deem - er lean, Who fight the good fight, and nev - er give o'er, Shall


CHORUS.



Christ the Re - deem - er in Heav - en. Then, oh, for that land of
 once they've passed o - ver the riv - er.
 crown Lord of all up in Heav - en.
 hear the "well done" of the Sav - iour.



bliss pre - pare, For none but the ho - ly can en - ter there, The



ransom'd and blood-washed from every land, Are those who'll be crowned in Heaven.

I'm satisfied with Jesus here.

21

Words and part of Music by COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.



1. Oh, no! there's nothing more I seek,
 2. They bid me seek the world's de-light,
 Chorus: I'm sat-is-fied with Je-sus here,

With Je-sus ev-er near;
 The charms that oth-ers see;
 He's ev-ery-thing to me;



My lips I feel are frail to speak,
 But what to me is change of sight,
 His dy-ing love has won my heart,

His love to me so dear.
 While Je-sus dwells with me.
 And now he sets me free.

Fine.



From day to day He strengthens me,
 'Tis true that I be-held them once,

With nev-er-fail-ing grace;
 Yet nev-er found re-lief; To And



be with Him is enough for me,
 though they won from me a smile,

To see His bless-ed face.
 My heart was full of grief.

Repeat for Chorus.

3 For oh! there are so many things
 Recall His love to me;
 He washed away my many sins,
 With His own blood so free.
 The pride that reigned within my heart
 My stern, rebellious will;
 And every evil thought and wish,
 Has vanished at His will.

4 They tell me I am happy now,
 I'm happy all the day;
 But they forget the reason why,
 And heed not what I say.
 Is it because the aching void,
 And bitter long regret,
 Is filled with love that's unalloyed?
 Such love I ne'er forget.

Sabe, Lord, or I perish.

Words and Music by H. D. WINANT.

Andante.

1. The night is dark, the storm is wild, The dark clouds hov - er a -
 2. The tire - less feet that walk the shore, Yon burn - ing east - ern
 3. Why will you per - ish? why go down A - midst sin's bil - lows to

- long the sky. See on life's shore the coast-guard stands,
 sands have trod, The gar - den dark, the rug - ged hill,
 rise no more? With lov - ing heart, and pier - ced hands,

CHORUS. *Con express.*

Wait - ing to hear a mid - night cry. Why will you sink when
 To bring you back to hope and God.
 Je - sus is stand - ing on the shore.

help is nigh? Why will you per - ish? On - ly cry,

f *rit.*

Cry! Cry! "A sin-ner am I, Help me, Mas-ter, or I die."

This musical score is for the concluding part of the hymn 'Save, Lord, or I perish'. It features a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'f' (forte) and 'rit.' (ritardando). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line ends with a double bar line.

Passing By.

On espres.

Chorus by COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Pass-ing by, pass-ing by, You're pass-ing by the Cross;
Passing by, passing by,

Los-ing all, los-ing all, For that which is but dross.
Los-ing all, los-ing all

This musical score is for the hymn 'Passing By'. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'On espres.' (On espresivo). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line ends with a double bar line.

We Bless the Day.

Chorus by STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL.

We bless the day when we hurried a-way To the Saviour who set us free;

In a full sal-va-tion from all condem-nation, We're as happy as we can be.

This musical score is for the hymn 'We Bless the Day'. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line ends with a double bar line.

Weary One.

Words by ENSIGN MAY AGNEW.

Music arranged by ENSIGN AGNEW.

A - far from God, in wea - ri - ness and sin, Thy soul has

wander'd ma - ny years, ... And drink - ing deep of plea - sure's cup, Has

quaffed its bit - ter tears, wea - ry one, Thy day is short - 'ning

ere its sun has set, To Je - sus turn, there's mercy still, He

loves and longs with great de - sire Thy soul to fill, wea - ry one, He

Wearv One.—Concluded.

25

loves and longs with great de - sire Thy soul to fill, wea - ry one.

This system of musical notation is for the first part of the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Yes, it wash - es white as snow, .. Yes, it wash - es white as snow, .. The

This system is the beginning of the chorus. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody continues from the previous system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

re - cious blood of Je - sus It wash - es white as snow.

This system continues the chorus. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody continues from the previous system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Many Were the Tears.

Chorus by COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Ma - ny were the tears that He wiped a - way When He saved my soul;

This system is the first part of the chorus for 'Many Were the Tears'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Drea - ry was the night that He turned to day When He made me whole.

This system continues the chorus. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody continues from the previous system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Jesus is Looking for Thee.

mp Andantino.

Words and Music by ENSIGN MAY AGNEW.

1. Ma - ny a year thou hast wan - der'd Blindly and care-less - ly on,.....
 2. Think of thy youth, o'er it pon - der, Trace thence the path thou hast trod,....

Grasping each earth - ly de - lu - sion, Find - ing its pleasures all gone;
 See how each step of the jour - ney Has borne you far - ther from God,

mf

Rest - less and wea - ry with - in,..... Long - ing from sin to be free;
 Yet in His won - der - ful love,.... Show - ing His mer - cy so free.

Sweet is the mes - sage to - day,.... Je - sus is look - ing for thee....
 Seek - ing to save and to bless,.... Je - sus is look - ing for thee....

mf CHORUS,

Je - sus is look - ing for thee,.... Je - sus is look - ing for thee;...

Sweet is the mes - sage to - day,.... Je - sus is look - ing for thee....

When You get to the Gloryland.

27

CHORUS by COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

When you get to the glo - ry - land Be sure. and watch for me;

I shall walk o'er the gold - en strand, For Je - sus has a place for me.

Poor Sinners are Coming Home.

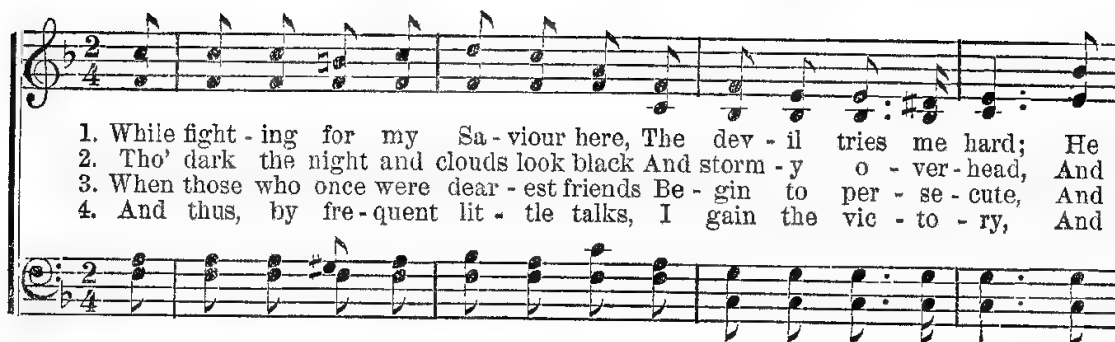
CHORUS by COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Poor sin - ners are com-ing home, Poor sin - ners are com-ing home,
The fire is com-ing down! The fire is com-ing down!

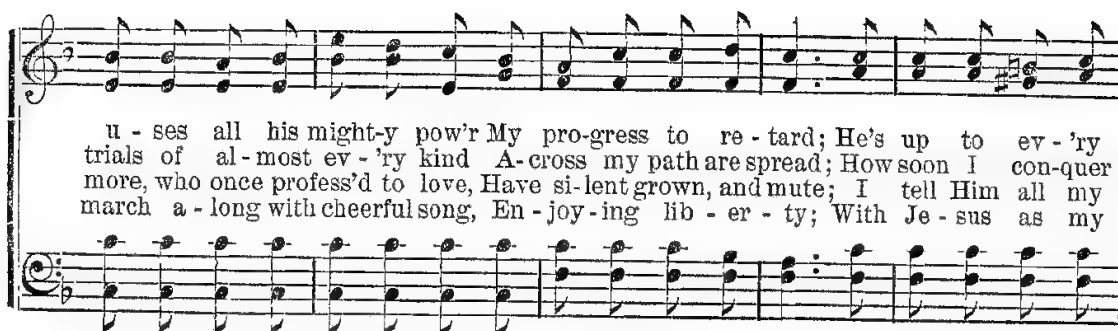
And are kneel - ing all a-round me; Poor sin - ners are com-ing home,
The fire of the Ho - ly Spir - it; The fire is com-ing down!

Poor sin - ners are com-ing home, They are com-ing back to God.
The fire is com-ing down! It is fill-ing all my soul.

A Little Talk With Jesus.



1. While fight - ing for my Sa - viour here, The dev - il tries me hard; He
 2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And storm - y o - ver - head, And
 3. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
 4. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

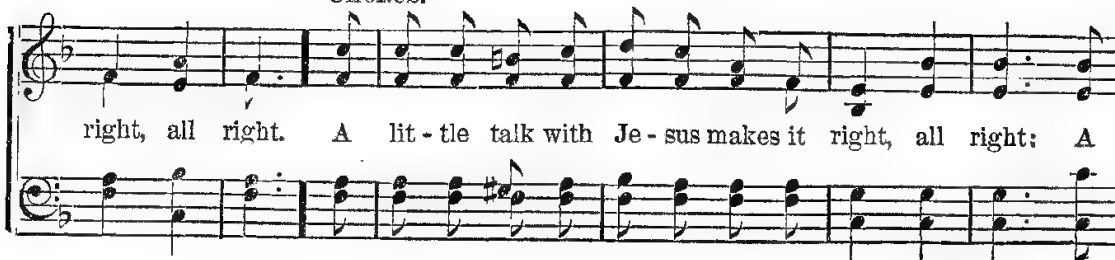


u - ses all his might-y pow'r My pro-gress to re - tard; He's up to ev - 'ry
 trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How soon I con - quer
 more, who once profess'd to love, Have si - lent grown, and mute; I tell Him all my
 march a - long with cheerful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With Je - sus as my

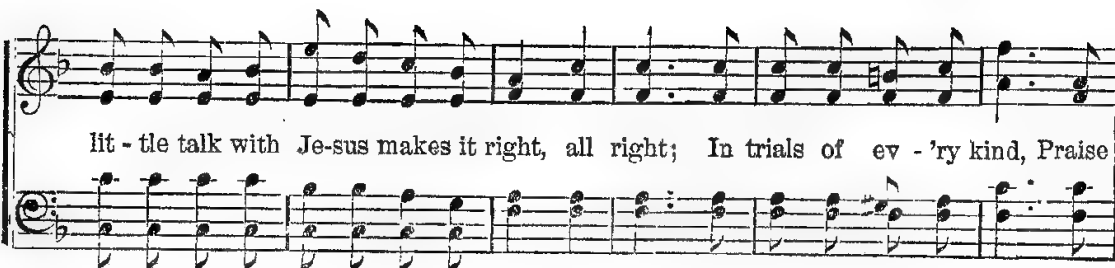


move. But yet through all I prove A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it
 all, As to the Lord I call— A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it
 grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief— A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it
 Friend, I'll prove un - til the end— A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it

CHORUS.



right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right: A



lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise

A Little Talk With Jesus.—Concluded.

29

God, I al - ways find A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.

My Spotless Cross.

MAUD B. BOOTH.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. God's own strong hand has placed thee there On mountain rock, a white cross fair: When
2. 'Tis mark'd a - gain up - on my heart, Christ's spotless cross my heav'nly chart; When
3. Tho' at my feet the tor-rent sweep And o'er my path in vengeance leap, Then

oth - er snows the sun has chased, The sum-mer's heat love's em - blem faced.
hu-man strength in life has fail'd, Then his dear cross has still pre - vail'd.
to my sight that cross so fair Re-veals my source of con - quest there.

CHORUS.

The cross now shines a to - ken a - bove the mists of life,

And speaks of love un - bro - ken A - mid the bat - tle strife.

Step by Step.

By BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. Step by step we an - swer to the call, Step by step we
 2. Step by step to free the fet - ter'd hands, Step by step to
 3. Step by step, in spir - it, hand in hand, Step by step to

march, whate'er be - fall; Not led by emp - ty creeds— For God's own spir - it
 burst the prison'r's hands, Where saviours have not been, And light has ne'er been
 God we'll win our land; And when we've cross'd the flood, Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious

CHORUS. *strict march time.*
 leads— In bat - tle's hour He gives us pow'r. Step by step be -
 seen To gath - er in the lost - in - sin. Step by step be -
 blood—"Well done!" He'll say in end - less day. Step by step be -

- neath the flag we tread, Step by step by the arm of God we're led;

Step by step, with hearts kept pure within, Step by step we march to con-quer sin!

Trust and Obey.

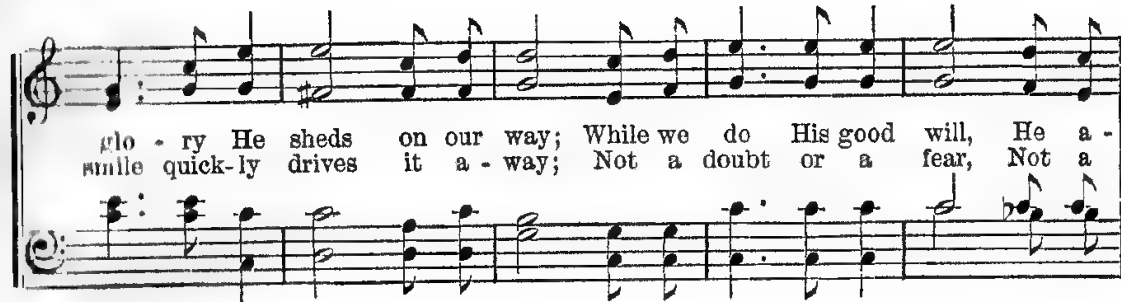
31

Words by REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

Music by T. BJORKSTEN.



1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His Word, What a
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But a

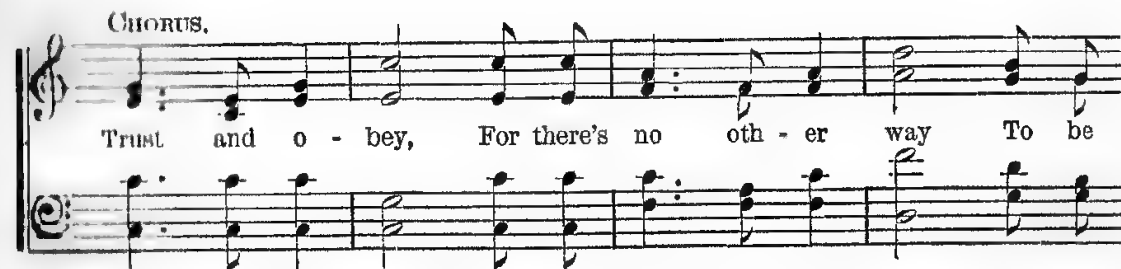


glo - ry He sheds on our way; While we do His good will, He a -
smile quick-ly drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a

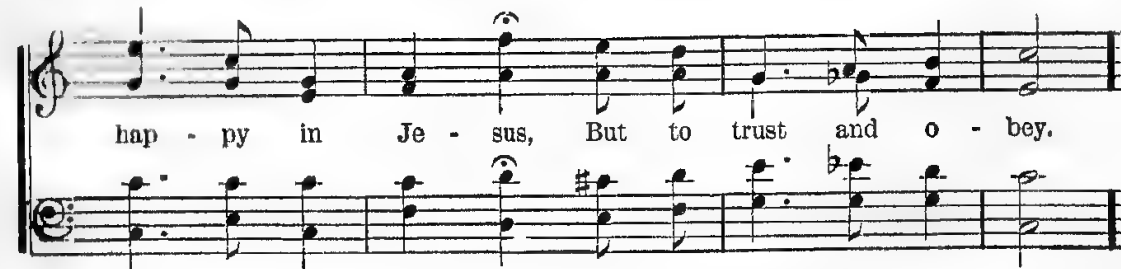


- bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
sigh or a tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.

CHORUS.



Trust and o - bey, For there's no oth - er way To be



hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

3 Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a grief or a loss,
Not a frown or a cross
But is blest when we trust and obey.

4 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do;
Where He sends we will go;
Never fear; only trust and obey.

SPECIAL SONGS.



Forward, Blood-Washed Warriors!

TUNE—"Musical Pioneer," p. 91.

1. Forward, Blood-washed warriors, danger
never heeding!
Tell the sinful millions of Jesus dying, bleed-
For the world's salvation. [ing,
Satan cannot harm thee,
The world cannot charm thee
If thou art true to thy Saviour's call.

Forward! with the fire-and-blood,
Forward, soldiers, fighting for the Lord!
Onward! sweeping like a flood,
Conquerors through God!

2. Forward! though a weak one—on thy
Saviour leaning,
Of thy tears and anguish Jesus knows the
He Himself has suffered. [meaning,
The days may be stormy,
The path may be thorny,
Yet through the Cross is joy and peace.

3. Forward! See above the crowns of glory
gleaming,
Given to the faithful, who, the time redeeming,
Live alone for Jesus.
Heaven is drawing nearer,
Christ is growing dearer,
We soon shall hear Him say: "Well done!"

We shall Win America.

TUNE—"Musical Pioneer," p. 1.

1. We shall win America
For our heavenly King;
Hear its dying millions
Of salvation sing:
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.
We will plant our colors
In every state and clime;
Loudest hallelujahs
From all our soldiers chime:
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

We shall win America
Over to our King;
Hear its dying millions
Of salvation sing.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The day of victory's nigh.
Fight on! Fight on!
We'll conquer or we'll die.

2. Though clouds of opposition
O'er our sky be cast;
Yet every vale of shadows
With Jesus shall be past,
Trusting in the strength of the King.
The chaffing and the laughing—
Aye, all the world may do,
Cannot mar the victory
The Lord will bring us through—
Trusting in the strength of the King.

3. We'll raise a host of praying men
With Daniel's courage bold;
In our ranks brave girls shall march,
As Miriam did of old,
Led by the arm of the Lord.
Courageous as was Joshua,
We'll cross each swelling flood,
And intercede, like Esther,
For the people of our God—
Led by the arm of the Lord.

4. For braver than the bravest
Of earthly volunteers,
Are the true Salvationists,
Who, thro' the scoffs and jeers,
Live for the Kingdom of the Lord.
Soon with gathering warriors,
In council round the throne,
We'll stand confessed by Jesus,
Triumphant as His own—
Forever in the presence of the Lord.

There's Salvation for You.

TUNE—"Musical Pioneer," p. 18.

O'er Columbia, from ocean to ocean,
The Salvation Army you'll see;
Filled with love and the Saviour's devotion,
Everywhere slaves of sin setting free;
Our meetings make thousands assemble,
"Jesus only" we lift up to view;
We shout until Satan doth tremble,
Sinners, there's salvation for you.

Oh, yes, there's salvation for you,
Oh, yes, there's salvation for you;
For you on the cross Jesus suffered,
Oh, yes, there's salvation for you.

- 2 We see how sin's desolation
Now threatens our land to deform,
On Christ, our "Rock and Foundation,"
There's safety alone from the storm;
With the blood-and-fire banner o'er us,
Though only a tried, faithful few;
In the might of our Captain we'll conquer,
Telling all, "There's salvation for you."

- 3 The outcast, the drunkard, bring hither,
And all steeped in sin to the brim;
May zeal for our Master ne'er wither,
Nor desire for His glory grow dim;
May we from The Army ne'er sever,
But ever to Jesus prove true;
And this be our war-cry for ever:
"Sinners, there's salvation for you!"

SECOND CHORUS.

We'll march in the name of the Lord,
Not fearing the legions of sin;
For faith in the arm of Jehovah,
Brings the victory without and within.

I Believe We Shall Win.

TUNE—"In the Sweet By-and-bye."

1. We're a band that shall conquer the foe,
If we fight in the strength of the King;
With the sword of the Spirit we know
We sinners to Jesus shall bring.
I believe we shall win,
If we fight in the strength of the King.
2. We have conquered in times that are past,
And scattered the foe from the field;
So we'll fight for the King to the last,
And the sword of the Spirit we'll wield.
3. Our foe may be mighty and brave,
And the fighting be hard and severe;
But the King is the "Mighty to save,"
And in conflict He always is near.
4. In the name of the King we will fight,
With our banners unfurl'd to the breeze,
We shall battle for God and the right,
And the kingdom of Satan we'll seize.
5. Ever true to The Army of God,
We will fight in the name of the King;
We shall win with the "Fire and the blood,"
And the world to His feet we shall bring.

While I Speak to Thee.

TUNE—"I am coming, Lord."

1. Before Thy face, dear Lord,
Myself I want to see,
And while I every question ask,
I want to answer Thee.
While I speak to Thee,
Lord, Thy goodness show,
Am I what I ought to be?
Oh! Saviour, let me know.
2. Am I what once I was?
Have I that ground maintained
Wherein I walked in power with Thee,
And Thou my soul sustained?
3. Do I possess a heart
In thought and action clean,
From Monday morn to Sunday eve
Has my salvation been?
4. Have I the zeal I had
When Thou didst me ordain
To preach Thy word and seek the lost
Or do I feel it pain?
5. Have I a truthful heart,
A conscience keen to feel
The baseness of a false excuse,
The touch of what's unreal?

6. Do I my comrade slight,
Or envy him his place?
Do I exaggerate his faults,
Or speak behind his face?
7. Have I forgot the debt
Thou cam'st for me to pay?
And harbored 'gainst some comrade here,
A grudge I mean to pay?
8. Did I my service give,
And not its spirit know?
Why do I talk and sing and work?
Is it for love or show?
9. Oh! Lord, if I am wrong,
I will not wrong Thee more
By doubting Thy great love and power,
Jesus, here to make me pure.

SECOND CHORUS.

Yes, I come, I come,
Grace there is for me,
Thou canst make me here and now,
Just what I ought to be.

Never Mind, Go On.

TUNE—"Songs of Peace and War," p. 55.

1. In the fight, say does your heart grow
weary?
Do you find the path is rough and thorny,
And above the sky looks dark and stormy?
Never mind; go on.
Lay aside all fear, and onward pressing,
Bravely fight and God will give His blessing,
Tho' the war at times may prove distressing,
Never mind; go on.
When the road we tread is rough,
Let us bear in mind, always find;
In the Saviour's strength enough we may
Tho' the fighting may be tough,
Let our motto be, "Go on, go on to victory."
2. Faithful be, delaying not to follow, [sorrow,
Where Christ leads, tho' it may be through
If the strife should fiercer grow to-morrow,
Never mind; go on.
Cheerful be, it will your burdens lighten,
One glad heart will always others brighten,
Though the strife the coward soul may
Never mind; go on. [frighten,
3. When down-hearted, look away to Jesus,
Who for you did shed His blood most
Let us say, though all the world may hate us
Never mind; go on. [precious,
Do your best in fighting for your Saviour,
For His sake fear not to lose men's favor.
If beside should a comrade waver,
Never mind; go on.

Love Divine.

TUNE—"Full salvation."

1. Love divine, from Jesus flowing,
Living waters, rich and free,
Wondrous love, without a limit,
Flowing from infinity,
Boundless ocean,
I would cast myself in Thee.
2. Love surpassing understanding,
Angels would the mystery scan
Yet so tender that it reaches
To the lowest child of man.
Let me, Jesus,
Fuller know Redemption's plan.
3. Break my soul from every fetter,
Him to know is all my cry ;
Saviour, I am Thine for ever,
Thine to live, or Thine to die,
Only asking
More and more of life's supply.

Cleansing for Me.

TUNE—"Here o'er the earth as a stranger
I roam."

1. Lord, through the blood of the Lamb that
was slain,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me ;
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim,
Cleansing from Thee, cleansing from
Thee.
Sinful and black though the past may have
been,
Many the crushing defeats I have seen,
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord ! now I lean,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
2. From all the sins over which I have wept,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me ;
Far, far away, by the blood-current swept,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe,
And as I come Thou dost now receive,
That over sin I may never more grieve,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
3. From all the doubts that have filled me with
gloom,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me ;
From all the fears that would point me to
doom,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
Jesus, although I may not understand,
In child-like faith now I put forth my hand,
And through Thy word and Thy grace I
shall stand,
Cleansed by Thee, cleansed by Thee.

In Thee is Refuge.

TUNE—"Hark ! the Gospel news is sounding."

1. Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when drooping,
'Midst the angry billows' roll.
I will trust Thee,
All my life Thou shalt control.
2. In the past too unbelieving
'Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen.
Blessed Jesus,
Teach me on Thy arm to lean.
3. Oh, for trust that brings the triumph
When defeat seems strangely near !
Oh, for faith that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer !
Faith triumphant !
Knowing not defeat or fear.

King of My Heart.

TUNE AND CHORUS—"I come, dear Lord, to Thee."

1. Upon the altar here
I lay my treasure down ;
I only want to have Thee near,
King of my heart to crown.
2. The fire doth surely burn
My every selfish claim ;
And while from them to Thee I turn,
I trust in Thy great name.

Touching His Garment.

TUNE AND CHORUS—"Glory, glory, Jesus saves
me."

1. Take my warmest, best affections,
Take my memory, mind and will ;
Then with all my loving Spirit,
All my emptied nature fill.
2. Bold I touch Thy sacred garment,
Fearless stretch my eager hand ;
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
Freely flows at love's command.

I Come, dear Lord, to Thee.

TUNE—"Here in the body pent."

1. Called from above I rise,
And wash away my sin ;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.
- I come, dear Lord, to Thee,
Oh, come, just now to me,
Oh, wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2. It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide,
'Twas opened by the soldiers' spear
In my Redeemer's side.
3. Deep in my soul I feel,
The living waters spring,
And joy the wondrous news to tell
And full salvation sing.
4. Oh, life-reviving flood,
Through all my senses flow !
Till all I am is lost in God,
And I but Jesus know.
5. My thirsty spirit craves
No lesser joy than this,
To know that Jesus fully saves,
And I am fully His.

Love the Conqueror.

TUNE—"At the cross."

1. Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(*My own unconquerable sin,*)
And form my soul anew.
2. Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow ;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.
3. Refining fire go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part
And sanctify the whole.

My Soul Finds rest.

TUNE—P.M.

1. Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My strugglings and wrestling be o'er ;
My heart by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more.
2. Now search me and try me, O Lord ;
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry ;
See ! helpless I cling to Thy Word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.
3. My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee who gave ;
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save !
4. O, Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see ;
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, present and free.
5. O, Lord, I shall now comprehend
Thy mercy so high and so deep ;
And long shall my praises ascend,
For Thou art almighty to keep.

Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

TUNE—Musical Salvationist. Supplement, p. 2.

1. Why are you doubting and fearing ?
Why are you still under sin ?
Have you not found His grace doth abound
He's mighty to save, let Him in !

Jesus is strong to deliver !
Mighty to save, mighty to save !
Jesus is strong to deliver,
Jesus is mighty to save !
2. You say, "I'm weak, I'm helpless,
I have tried again and again !"
Well, this may be true,
But 'tis not what you do—
'Tis He who is the Mighty to save."
3. When in my sorrow He found me—
Found me and bade me be whole ;
Turned all my night
Into heavenly light,
And from me my burden did roll !
4. When in the tempest He hides me,
When in the storm He is near,
All the way long
He carries me on,
And now I have nothing to fear !

What Dost Thou Lack ?

TUNE—"There is sweet rest in heaven."

1. You say "I've doubted Jesus,
In weakness feared to claim
His cleansing full and precious—
His sanctifying flame."

There is cleansing for me,
There is cleansing for me ;
Now to my heart,
Dear Lord, impart
Thy cleansing, full and free.
2. Ah, is there not some reason ?
What holds the blessing back !
Let conscience for a season
Demand "What dost thou lack ?"
3. Have I some much-prized treasure
Enshrined within my heart,
And missed the cross-bought pleasure
Of life with Christ apart ?
4. Do I my reputation
Withhold from Him who bore
Earth's cruel degradation
My heaven to restore !
5. Have I some roaring lion
Feared meeting on the road,
That would have led to Zion,
From selfish paths so broad ?

6. Has not the cry of anguish
Yet reached me from the gloom,
Where waiting ones still languish
My hand could save from doom ?
7. I rise from self to follow
The paths Thy feet have trod ;
No thought of pain or sorrow
Shall drive me from my God.

When I Survey.

TUNE—L. M.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and blood flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all!

While at Thy Cross.

TUNE—"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

1. While at Thy cross I kneel,
Lord of my soul ;
Let me Thy Spirit feel,
Making me whole.
Claim all my ilfe Thine own,
Now make my heart Thy throne,
Reign there Thyself alone,
Lord of my soul.
2. While at Thy cross I bow,
Giver of rest ;
Show me what causes now
Strife in my breast.
Come, oh, Thou heavenly Dove,
Peace-giver from above,
Fill me with perfect love,
Giver of rest.
3. While at Thy cross I stay,
Lord of my choice,
May I, from day to day,
Obey Thy voice.
Send now Thy fire down here,
From sin and self and fear,
That spotless I appear,
Lord of my choice.

Weary One.

Music on page 24.

Afar from God in weariness and sin,
Thy soul has wandered many years ;
And drinking deep of pleasure's cup,
Has quaffed its bitter tears—

Weary one.

The day is shortning ere its sun has set
To Jesus turn there's mercy still ;
He loves and longs with deep desire
Thy soul to fill—

Weary one.

Away from childhood's home and innocence,
In sin's delusive toils ensnared ;
Forgetting mother's prayers and tears,
Nor thought that Jesus cared—

Weary one.

Yet mercy's gates were always open wide ;
True joy and peace were ever there ;
And Jesus now is waiting here
To answer prayer—

Weary one.

He will not chide thee for the sinful past,
Nor turn aside thy tempted soul ;
With love as boundless as 'tis free,
He will forgive the whole—

Weary one.

Nor back to bondage shall thy footsteps lide,
Thy life no more be spoiled by sin ;
His blood will keep thee every hour,
All pure within—

Weary one.

Why not To-night.

TUNE—"Happy day."

1. Oh, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light ;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart, [night ?
Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-
O happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight ;
This is the time ; oh, then be wise ! [night ?
Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-
3. Our God, in pity, lingers still ;
And wilt thou thus his love requite ?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will—
Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-
night ?
4. The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no real delight ;
Oh, try the life our soldiers live, [night ?
Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-
5. Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite ;
Then be the work of grace begun ! [night ?
Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-